The lamentacion that Ladie Jane made/ Saiyng for my fathers proclamacion now must I lose my heade.

This was the lamentacion,
That Ladie Jane made:
Saiyng, for my fathers Proclamacion,
Now must I lose my head.

But God that sercheth every harte,
And knoweth I am giltles,
Although that I now suffer smarte,
Yet, I am not worthie of this.

For when she was at the place appointed,
Her death mekely for to take:
Her Ghostly father and she reasoned,
Her prayers then, she did make.

For the eftsoone beddes we were fet out,
To the Tower for to go:
Yet will we not where about,
Our fathers did make vs do so.

Alas what did our fathers meane,
Both tree and fruicte thus for to spill,
Against my Empride he proclaimed me quene,
And I never consented theretill.

The lorde Gilforde my houfbande,
whiche suffred here presente:
The thyng our fathers toke in hande,
was neither his nor my consente.

But seyng I am iudged, by a lawe to dye,
And vnder whiche I was borne:
Yet will I take it patientlie,
Laughyng none of them to scorne.

Why should I blame fortune of this,
Seyng blame it is not worthie:
Our liuyng were so farre amis,
That we deserued this miserie.

For my synne I am worthie to dye,
Pride in me did so remaine:
Yet all good people praie for me,
As charitie doeth constraine.

The heds man kneled on his knee,
To forgeue hym her death:
Frende she saied, God forgeue thee,
With all my harte and faithe.

She kissed hym, and gaue hym a reward,
And said to hym incontinente:
I praie thee yet remember afterwarde,
That thou hast headed an innocente.

She gaue the Lieutenaunt her bodie,
whiche was couered all with golde,
Praied hym therein to looke,
For his sake that Judas solde.

She toke her heather fatre and swete,
To couer her face withall:
I praime of Dauid she did speake,
And on the Lorde she did call.

Although this breathe fail me quite to mis
Yet in the Lorde I trust
To suppe in the heauenly glorie,
With Abraham that is iuste.

The preasse of people was great [illegible]
when they heard her laste lo:
But when they saw these wordes enroute,
I wote euen they did go.

Upon the Blocke she laied her heade,
Her death mekely to take:
Lo gentils thus, then she saied,
And this her ende she did make.

Finis.

Imprinted at London,
for Iohn wight.

The lamentacion that Ladie Jane made/ Watyng for my fathers proclamacion now must I lose my heade.

THis was the lamentacion,
That Ladie Jane made:
Watyng, for my fathers Proclamacion.
Now must I lose my head.

But God that sercheth euery harte,
And knoweth I am gilteles,
Although that I now suffer smarte,
Yet I am not worthie of this.

For when she was at the place appointed,
Her death meekely for to take:
Her ghostly father and she reasoned,
Her prayers then she did make.

Forthe of our beddes we were fet out,
To the Tower for to go:
Yet will we not where about,
Our fathers did make vs do so.

Alas what did our fathers meane,
Bothe tree and fruite thus for to spill,
Against my minde he proclaimed me quene,
And I neuer consented therestill.

The lorde Gilforde my husbande,
whiche suffred here presente:
The thyng our fathers toke in hande,
Was neither his nor my consente.

But seyng I am iudged, by a lawe to dye,
And vnder whiche I was borne:
Yet will I take it pacientlie,
Laughyng none of them to scorne.

Why should I blame fortune of this,
Seyng blame it is not worthie:
Our liuyng were so farre amis,
That we deserued this miserie.

For my synne I am worthie to dye,
Pride in me did so remaine:
Yet all good people praie for me,
In charitie doeth now seeme.

The hedsman kneled on his knee.
To forgeue hym her death:
Frende she said, God forgeue thee,
With all my harte and faithe.

She kissed hym, and gaue hym a rewarde,
And said to hym incontinente:
I praie thee yet remember after warde,
That thou hast headed an innocente.

She gaue the Lieutenaunt her booke,
Which was couered all with golde,
Praied hym therein to looke,
For his sake that Judas solde.

She tooke her kercher faire and fyne,
To couer her face withall:
I Psalme of Dauid she did recite,
And on the Lorde she did call.

Although this breakefast be sower to me,
Yet in the Lorde I trust
To supper in the heauenly glorie,
with Abraham Isaac and Jacob.

The preast of people was full sorie,
when they heard her take so:
But when she had these wordes euen saide,
I waite vpon thy will do go.

Vpon the Blocke she layed her heade,
Her death meekely to take:
In manus tuas, Lord she said,
And thus her ende she did make.

Finis.

Imprinted at London,
for Iohn Wight.

The lamentacion that Ladie Jane made,
Sayng for my fathers proclamacion
Now must I lose my heade.

THis was the lamentacion,
That Ladie Jane made:
Saying, for my fathers Proclamacion,
Now must I lose my head.

But God that seeth every harte,
And knoweth I am giltles,
Although that I now suffer smarte,
Yet, I am not worthie of this.

For when she was at the place appointed,
Her death mekely for to take:
Her ghostly father and she reasoned,
Her prayers then she did make.

Forthe of our beddes we were set out,
To the Tower for to go:
Yet will we not where about,
Our fathers did make us do so.

Alas what did our fathers meane,
Bothe free and fruicte thus for to spill.
Against my will he proclaimed me queene,
And I never consented therestill.

The lorde Gilforde my houlbande,
whiche lusted here prelate:
The thyng our fathers take in hande,
Was neither his nor my consente.

But seyng I am iudged by a lawe to dye,
And vnder whiche I was borne:
Yet will I take it patientlie,
Laughyng none of them to scorne.

Why should I blame fortune of this,
Seyng blame it is not worthie:
Our liuyng were so farre amis,
That we deserued this miserie.

For my synne I am worthie to dye,
Yide in me did so remaine:
Yet all good people praie for me,
To charitie doeth constraine.

The heldsman kneled on his knee,
To forgeue hym her death:
Frende she said, God forgeue thee,
With all my harte and faithe.

She tolled hym, and gaue hym a rewarde,
And saied to hym incontinente:
I praie thee yet remember after warde,
That thou hast headed an innocente.

She gaue the Lieutenant her booke,
Whiche was couered all with golde,
Praied hym therein to looke,
For his sake that Judas solde.

She tooke her kercher faire and white,
To couer her face withall:
A Psalme of Dauid she did recite,
And on the Lorde she did call.

Although this breakefast be sower vnto me,
Yet in the Lorde I trust:
To supp in the heauenly glorie,
with Abraham that is iuste.

The prease of people was full great,
when that she laid her head to:
But when she saw these troubles encrease,
I wote well then she did go.

Vpon the Blocke she laied her heade,
Her death mekely to take:
Strike quoth she, then she saied,
And this her ende she did make.

Finis.

Imprinted at London
for Iohn Wight.